The Christian Century
PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

VOLUME III | CHICAGO, MAY, 1932 | NUMBER 5

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The Unknown Soldier Speaks

BY JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

IT WAS some years ago that I first visited the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Washington. I thought then, as I think now, that I had never seen a location more impressive than that of the tomb of this nameless warrior. I have stood by the grave of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey—but here was the open sky as contrasted with the stuffy gloom of the English cathedral. I have stood by the grave of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe—but here was the quiet of grass and trees, and careful footsteps, as contrasted with the noise and confusion of the greatest avenue in Paris. There was something about this American grave that was ineffably beautiful. The simple tomb upon the crest of the hill, the silent temple in the background, the gleaming city in the foreground, and all about, the buried dead who had given "their last full measure of devotion" to the nation's service—it was all something to touch the heart. Only the sun was too bright, and the twittering of the birds too loud! I longed to be here in the mystic hours when darkness might lay its balm upon the tired eyes, and all distraction drift quietly away upon the tides of peace. I wondered, as I walked along, if one could come to Arlington cemetery after nightfall!

I kept wondering about this matter as I made my way back to the hotel. I wondered about it during dinner, as I sat alone and reviewed the happenings of the busy day. I wondered about it as I lounged in the big arm-chair by my window, with a book of poetry in my hands, and looked out for a moment over the city of Washington to the south. There was the Potomac, losing its luster as the darkness of the night slowly descended upon the scene. Quite a distance

25 Cents a Copy | Entered as second-class matter October 14, 1929, at Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly by The Christian Century Press, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. | Two Dollars a Year

beyond was the hill, now no longer visible, and on that hill the Unknown Soldier. What did he think about on nights like this? Did his spirit go wandering back to Flanders Field where he had last seen the light of the sun, and felt the sweet contacts of human flesh? Was he glad the nation had sent him, or was he sorry? Did death seem to him a tragedy, or something else? And what about these honors which were his, and yet not his—did they surprise him, or was he used to them by now? Surely, if one could open that grave, one would meet strange thoughts. And see an unknown man! How quiet it is here! It was possible to get into this cemetery after all. The tomb was beautiful by day, but never so beautiful as now, with the darkness, the stars, and all that distant shimmer of the city. There is the dome of the Capitol—a spot of light, like a door opening into the night. And there is the Monument—that shaft of shadow, lifted up as though in protest, against the stars. And here is the grave, and the soldier, and myself—alone!

I was settling myself down to meditation, when I found that I was not alone. There seemed to be a presence with me. At first it was like a shadow, everywhere and yet nowhere. Then it seemed to localize itself to the right here, between me and the marble tomb. Then gradually, like a ship emerging ghostlike from a fog, it seemed to take on form and substance, and become, as it were, a living thing. I saw a man, very vague in outline and unsubstantial in appearance, but still a man. As my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I was able to see that he was clad in the uniform of a soldier, and wore the low brass helmet of the battle-line. He was standing as though at attention—tall, straight, and very still. He was obviously a white man, yet the shadow of his helmet, under the stars, made his face look like that of a colored man. He told me, later, that he had been born on a farm in the middle west. His voice, as he talked, had the broad and cultivated accent of Boston. He had enlisted from New York, so he said, and his name, which I could not hear very distinctly, seemed to be a Jewish name. He was a queer blend of persons and places, this Unknown Soldier. All I could be sure of was that he was an American!

"Hello, buddy," he exclaimed, as he emerged now distinctly from the darkness, and sat down upon the tomb, with a peculiar kind of radiance about his person. He seemed to shine, as though from a light within; yet there was no light cast into the darkness, and the night was as heavy as before.

"Are you surprised to see me?" he continued.

"Well, I am just a bit," was my reply. "I came up here because I thought I would like to be alone, and do a little thinking about you, and this war business, and all the rest."

"Yes, I thought so," he said in a voice still far away, and yet very clear. "And I thought perhaps you might like to talk with me, for I know something about this war business." He stopped a moment, and spat upon the ground, as though there were something bitter in his mouth. "At any rate," he exclaimed, "I wanted to talk with you. And here I am!"

"You see," he continued, "I don't very often get a chance at a fellow like you. I spend most of my time entertaining presidents, and admirals, and generals, and visiting diplomats and statesmen—the big bugs that sent us to the war, and would send us again if they got the chance, or felt the necessity. You know how it is—big talk about the flag, and the honor of the nation, and the atrocities of the enemy, while all the time it's debts to be collected, or investments to be secured, or colonies to be captured. The army follows the dollar, you know, and the blood of the army is what makes the dollar pay. I've talked with the

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dead ones over there. It's the same in every country. They didn't want to fight. They were satisfied enough with their jobs, and their families, and a bit of music, and a game out in the open now and then. Why, a lot of those chaps from Russia and those funny eastern places, they didn't know whom they were fighting, or what it was all about. But the foreign secretaries knew; the diplomats and generals could tell you all the whys and wherefores of the conflict. For the governments make the wars, and we poor devils fight them; the kings and the presidents kindle the fire, and we pour our blood on it, to put it out. And here I have to lie inside this stone, when these fellows come around with their wreaths and their speeches and their tall hats, and I have to look at their silly faces, and wonder what's going on behind. The next war—that's what they're thinking about; and how sweet and glorious it is for the other fellow to die for his country! I wouldn't mind so much if they'd come here to make amends, or to ask my pardon. I could understand if they were clad in sack-cloth and had ashes on their heads. But O, no! They're all decked

out in uniforms and black coats, and they stand up straight, and look big and important, just as though they had done something to be proud of. I'd like to take one of those gold-lace generals, or black-cloth statesmen, that never came nearer than a thousand miles to a battlefield, and show him what I've seen, and make him suffer what I've endured. I'd be happy till the Judgment day if I could see a foreign secretary gassed, or a diplomat blown to bits, so his very name was lost, and his grave was marked 'unknown.' That would let me rest in peace, all right! I'd never rise up again, to haunt you or anybody else. But that time will never come. The big men play safe, and it's us poor devils as has to pay the price."

"You remind me," I said, as the Unknown Soldier paused for a moment, "you remind me of a little poem that Mr. Chesterton wrote while the war was on. I never understood why the English government didn't arrest him for treason. Listen!—I think I can remember it:

"The men that worked for England,
They have their graves at home;
And bees and birds of England
About the cross can roam.

"But they that fought for England,
Following a fallen star,
Alas, alas for England,
They have their graves afar.

"And they that rule in England,
In stately conclave met,
Alas, alas for England,
They have no graves as yet."

"That's the idea," cried the Soldier, as I finished the poem on that last most savage line in contemporary English verse. "I'm not much on poetry—I usually can't understand what it's all about. But that's plain enough—and it's true." And he began reciting to himself—

"And they that rule in England . . .
They have no graves as yet."

There was silence between us for a moment, and then I said—

"It sounds to me as though you didn't want to go to this war very much. Didn't you want to make the world safe for democracy? When your children came to you in after years, and said, 'Daddy, what did you do in the Great War?' didn't you want to be able to look them straight in the eye, and tell them how you fought and bled for your country?"

There was a disgusted snort as I said these words; then there was a long silence. The Unknown Soldier turned away, and looked far off toward the shimmering city, where a thousand lights were gleaming in a thousand homes. As I watched him, the inner radiance of his body seemed to fade, like a dying lamp, and suddenly I felt cold and very lonely.

"Children!" said the Soldier, turning back to me. "It looks as though I should have a lot of children, doesn't it?—Let me tell you how much I wanted to go to this war!

"I came to New York from the west—right off a farm. I had my ups and down in the big city, but along about 1916 I was doing well. When my father died, we sold the farm, and my mother came east, to keep house for me up in the Bronx. She was a good sport, my mother! She knew I was going to get married, and she loved my girl just as much as I loved her. Never jealous of her a particle! This girl of mine was a teacher up in Yonkers. We had been engaged about two years, and after all that time, we were ready to get married. I'd been saving and she'd been saving, and we had picked out a nice apartment over in Mt. Vernon, and we were planning to set up housekeeping in June, just as soon as the schools were closed. Then in April this war came along. How much do you suppose I cared about democracy, and the war to end war, and the terrible menace of the Germans? That talk was all right for Washington; and it looked great in the newspapers; and it was swallowed like griddle-cakes and maple syrup by those that had nothing else to think about. But it never touched me. I wanted to marry Ruth—and have some of these children they were telling us so much about. Of course, I was selfish, and all that. But I've had a lot of time to think about it up on this hill, wondering what's become of Ruth, just the way she's wondering what's become of me; and I'm inclined to think that loving and having children is just about as important as killing men you never saw and didn't bear any grudge against. Let me tell you how much I wanted to go to this war!

"I wasn't a volunteer, you know. I had to go. This Unknown Soldier here, just like the Unknown Soldier in London, and the one in Paris, he was a conscript. The nation arrested us just as though we were criminals, put us into prisons that were called 'army camps,' and kept us bound until the war was over—or we were dead. It was conscription, that's what it was. That's the only way you can fight a war today—force men to fight it. Don't forget that!"

"But you are forgetting something," I interrupted. "Don't you remember how President Wilson said of the Universal Service act that it was in no sense 'a conscription of the unwilling'?"

Again there was a scornful laugh. "In no sense a conscription of the unwilling," cried the Soldier! "Let me tell you just how much I wanted to go to this war.

"Do you remember how we had to register, and each man got a number? And do you remember how they had a drawing of numbers in Washington for the first draft, and how the numbers drawn, columns of them, were published in the papers one afternoon? I remember I went to the baseball game that afternoon, up at the Polo grounds. As I passed through the gate, I bought a paper, as I was a bit ahead of time. There on the front page was the story of the drawing, and the listing of the numbers drawn. I began to hunt for mine—to see if it had been pulled out of the box. I read the numbers in the newspapers until I was dizzy, up and down, up and down, column after column, page after page. Still I read, almost to

the end, when suddenly, like a close-up in the movies, I saw my number in figures a foot high. I was one of the men drafted! I looked up in a dazed kind of way and there was the ball game going on, three innings of it, and I hadn't seen or heard a thing. I didn't want to see or hear anything now. My world had changed. I got up, and went home; and I was sick for a week. Then, blamed fool that I was, when the call came from Washington, I answered. Yes, sir, I answered. I didn't have the guts to say no, the way some of the men did. But just like a nice little puppy-dog tied to a string, I went trotting right along. And the flags waved, and the bands played and all the stay-at-homes shouted and screamed, and I said good-bye to Ruth, and I patted myself on the back for a hero. And here I am—just a dead coward—a man who was too proud not to fight.

"Let me tell you," continued the Unknown Soldier, in a voice that now seemed very near, and terrible. "There's only one sure way to stop war, and that is to refuse to fight. Those conscientious objectors had the right idea. The grave of one of them is worth a million graves of soldiers, known or unknown. I was talking with the English Unknown Soldier the other night—the chap in Westminster Abbey—and he told me about a great Englishman, a member of parliament, used to be a cabinet minister, what was his name? . . ."

"I think you mean Arthur Ponsonby," I said.

"That's right," came back the Soldier.

"Arthur Ponsonby's the man. Well, the Westminster Abbey fellow told me that this man, Ponsonby, had sent a memorial to the prime minister, signed by thousands upon thousands of persons who publicly pledged themselves never to take part under any circumstances in any future war. Now, that's the idea! That's what I should have done. That's what we dead ones over here wish to God we had done. But it's too late, too late . . ." and his voice dragged away into silence and the bitter wind. And then I heard, like an echo—"Too late, too late; but not too late now, for the next war!"

"You remind me," I said softly, "of a book I've just been reading. It's by H. G. Wells."

"O yes—Wells," cried the soldier. "I used to read some of his stories—good ones. And I remember reading some of the stuff he wrote about the war, too. Called it a great crusade, and all that."

"Yes," I said. "But Wells knows better now. And he's written this new book to tell us why. It's called 'The Open Conspiracy.' He says that the world is in the wrong hands, and that it's going to destruction. He says that right-minded people, the people who believe in peace, and brotherhood, and beauty, must organize themselves deliberately to the end of recapturing the world. They must form an Open Conspiracy, as he puts it, to get possession of power all over the earth, form a world commonwealth, abolish war, socialize the sources of money, and institute an intelligent control of population."

"Quite a program," was the dry comment of the Unknown Soldier.

"Yes," I agreed, "it's quite a program. And the first step is to resist militarism. Let me read you," I continued, "a little paragraph that I jotted down in my note-book only a night or so ago."

I fumbled in my pocket and after some trouble, I found the page on which I had scrawled the lines:

> "From the outset," says Mr. Wells, "the Open Conspiracy will set its face against militarism. There is a plain present need for the organization now, before war comes again, of an open and explicit refusal to serve in any war. (This) putting upon record of its members' reservation of themselves from any or all of the military obligations that may be thrust upon the country by military and diplomatic efforts, will be . . . the first considerable overt act of the Open Conspiracy groups."

I tried to read on further, but my memorandum had become dim, and I could not see the words. But I had read enough. I turned to the Soldier who was very quiet, and thoughtful.

"This 'anticipatory repudiation of military service,' as Wells calls it," I said to him, "is probably what he has in mind when he says that his Open Conspiracy, if it achieves anything, will exact a price in 'toil, suffering, and blood.' He thinks people have got to sacrifice something, if his dream of a better world is ever to come true."

"Sacrifice," said the Unknown Soldier. "I know something about sacrifice. And quite a lot too, about 'toil, suffering, and blood.' And there are a few million other fellows, like myself, who know the same thing. They haven't all got tombs like this of mine, but they know . . . they know. I should think that Wells could find a few thousand men and women in the world to make some sacrifice for his dream, after the sacrifice we millions were forced to make for just precisely nothing at all.

"Did you ever see pictures of animals back in the old pagan days, all decked out with wreaths and flowers, and surrounded by flute-players and drummers, and led to the altars of the gods, and sacrificed?"

"Yes," I said. "John Keats describes a sacrificial procession of that kind in his 'Ode on a Grecian Urn.' Don't you remember the lines?

> "Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
> To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
> Lead'st thou the heifer lowing at the skies,
> And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?"

"I don't know anything about the Grecian Urn," said the Unknown Soldier, "but I know they used to take bullocks in the old days, and dress them all up, and play music, and march in procession to the altars in the temples, and then kill the bullocks, and smear their blood all over the place, and call it religion."

There was silence for a moment. I heard nothing but a kind of a sigh, like the moan of many voices far away. Then came the voice of the Soldier, very near now, and very terrible.

"That's what they did to us," he cried. The moan came louder from the sky, like the murmuring of a crowd. "That's what they did to us," he repeated—

and the moan became a shout. "They took us like so many animals, and slaughtered us. See, here's the altar!"

As he said these words, the Unknown Soldier stood up and faced his tomb. He seemed bowed down like a man in pain, or very weak. He remained standing there for a long time. Then suddenly he straightened up, and turned back again to me.

"Do you know," he said, "why I cannot rest upon this hill? Why, night after night, I start awake, and look up at the stars? Why I have met you, and talked with you, and said things that perhaps should not be said?"

He paused, as though to catch his breath. It was very quiet now—the moaning of many voices had passed like the wind. The Soldier spoke again.

"There's no rest for me," he said, "no sleep, no peace, because the thing that killed me and my buddies, and that French Soldier and his buddies, and the German fellow and his buddies, that monstrous thing is still alive in the world. It's a religion—the only religion most men know anything about. It's a religion of false gods and blood sacrifice, like the religions of savage tribes. Only it's more cruel, more terrible than these religions, because it demands not animals for its sacrifice, but men—young men, strong men, brave men, the best we have. And this religion that sucks our blood and devours our flesh, we deck in flags, and drench in music, and house in temples, and worship as a sacred thing. There are a hundred thousand altars in America to God and his servant, Christ, but there isn't one of them as holy in the eyes of the nation as this grave of the Unknown Soldier, an altar to Mars, and his servant, Caesar.

"I thought they had gotten through with me," the specter went on, "when they took me out there into the trenches, and blew off my hand, and left me to bleed to death. I thought I had done my duty, when I'd spilled my blood on the ground, and all my veins were empty. I thought I should have quiet and a little rest when they buried me under the trees in the warm French sun. It was lovely out there in that little corner of the graveyard. But one day they came and dug me up—and put a flag over my coffin—and lined me up with five other chaps whose names were lost, to pick one of us to be the 'Unknown Soldier.' And they picked on me ! Then suddenly I was something more than bones and dust. I became a symbol and a name. I was caught up by crowds, and carried along in pageants, and blessed by holy men. They took me back across the seas, and on to Washington. And when we went marching up Pennsylvania avenue, with fife and drum:

> "Skeleton men and boys riding skeleton horses, . . .
> Shining in the sun, past the White House,
> Past the Treasury Building, Army and Navy Building,
> On to the mystic white Capitol Dome . . .
> The honorable orators,
> Always the honorable orators,
> Buttoning the buttons in their prinz alberts,
> Pronouncing the syllables, "sac-ri-fice,"
> Juggling those bitter, salt-soaked syllables—
> Do they ever gag with hot ashes in their mouths?
> Do their tongues ever shrivel with a pain of fire
> Across those simple syllables, "sac-ri-fice"?

"And so they laid me away.

> "The boy nobody knows the name of—
> The buck private—the Unknown Soldier—
> The dough-boy who dug under and died
> When they told him to . . .

"And they bring little children to my grave, to teach them how beautiful it is to be a soldier. And they bring the great from many lands, with their wreaths and garlands, to show how wonderful it is for a man to die for his country. And they hold festivals on holidays, with prayers and songs and magic rites, to show that here is the altar of the nation's life. Every day they kill me again. Every hour they lay me fresh upon the altar, and spill my blood. Will they never be done? Will they never leave me alone? Am I never to be forgotten, and have my peace?"

There was a kind of frenzy in the Soldier's voice by now. He came near to me, and I could see that he was trembling as though with some great anguish. He threw out his arms to right and to left, and I saw Christ writhing upon his perpetual cross.

"Peace," he cried; "where is it? You made me die —and die in vain. You slew me like a beast upon an altar, then rubbed my wounds with salt, and stuffed my mouth with ashes. Do you know what I thought when I went across to France, after I'd gotten used to the life, and knew that Ruth would remember, and wait for me? I really thought it was splendid—that this was the war to end war, a crusade for peace and brotherhood. It seemed funny to fight for peace, and to kill for brotherhood; but those that ought to know about such things—presidents, and congressmen and ministers—they told me so, and I believed, and I was glad. And when that grenade exploded in the trenches, and I saw my hands were gone, and life was going, I said to myself, 'It's all right, boy. You've done your bit. This war's the last war. They'll never do this sort of thing again. You're dead, or as good as dead; but other men, through all the centuries to come, will live.' And all of a sudden, just as the light was fading out of my eyes, and I seemed to be floating on the tide of a river into silence, I remembered something that I'd learned out of the Bible in Sunday school when I was a boy—something I remember now—

> "And they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit every man under his own vine and fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid.

"That's what I died for, or thought I died for," said the Soldier. "But look at things now! The same world, the same armies and navies, the same insecurity and fear, the same hatreds and suspicions and preparations for war—and the same superstition in the hearts of men that it's noble to fight and heroic to kill for one's country. Kill, mind you, not die! We soldiers were drafted by the nation not to die

but to kill. The dying was accidental; the killing intentional. That's the whole business of war—to kill! But whether dying or killing, either way, it's a lie. I know it's a lie, for I've seen God. But you don't believe it—you people who haven't died, and haven't seen God. You won't believe it. And for all the ten millions of us who were shot, and bayonetted, and gassed, and blown to bits, you go right on in the same old way, hallowing war and making it a brave and splendid show. And you even have the indecency to use me and my grave to fool your children, as we were fooled before them, as our fathers were fooled before us, as all men have been fooled from the beginning.

"How long, O Lord, how long, before mankind shall see that war is the blackest lie in hell!"

Again the Soldier threw out his arms in agony, and again I saw the crucifixion. And through the silence, far away, as though drifting across the seas of time from an eternal past, there came words, familiar words—

" 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

A trembling seized me. I tottered as though the words were a rushing wind, and I but a broken reed against it. Instinctively I put my hand upon the tomb to steady me.

"Yes," said the Soldier, watching my gripping fingers on the slab, "It's a good tomb. Nice, smooth stone; simple, in good taste. It's holy, too, like the graves of all soldiers who have had to die, they knew not why. But I know some graves that are holier than this. The graves of men who died because they chose to die, who died without killing anybody, who died not for their country but for humanity."

The Unknown Soldier was very quiet now. His agony had passed. His voice was solemn, as though he were speaking of sacred things.

"There's a grave in Russia, for example, I'd like to see. Just outside of Moscow! The grave of Tolstoy."

"Yes," I said. "There are some words of Tolstoy that I remember:

> "I know that my unity with others cannot be shut off by a frontier, or a government decree. I know that all men everywhere are brothers and equals, and that my true welfare is found in my unity with the whole world."

"There's a grave in Germany," continued the Soldier, who seemed to stand straighter and taller as he spoke. "It's the grave of Liebknecht, Karl Liebknecht."

"Yes," I said. "They imprisoned him, and tortured him, and killed him, because he opposed the war."

"And in France, there's a grave." The Soldier was standing now at salute very straight and still. "I've seen that grave. It's in the Pantheon. The grave of Jaurés."

"Jaurés," I echoed reverently. "Assassinated just as the War began for his love of peace."

"And in London, at Golders Green," said the Soldier. And all his body was aglow with light that blinded me with splendor! "There are the ashes of Morel."

"I met him once," I said humbly. "It was after he came out of prison for loving peace too well."

"And in this country," said the Soldier—and now he seemed to flame like the splendor of candles on an altar—"there's a grave here, too, that's holy. The grave of Debs, 'Gene Debs."

There was silence now, as though the host were being lifted in the church. I think both of us were looking at the same picture—an old man standing before the bar of justice, and saying:

> I have been accused of obstructing the war. I admit it. I abhor war. I would oppose it if I stood alone. . . . For I believe that nations have been pitted against nations long enough in hate and strife.

And now the soldier spoke again. It was like the voice of St. Michael to the hosts of heaven.

"And there is a grave," he said, "that no man knows. Not in the earth, for it is lost, but in the heart, where it may be found. The grave of him who said:

> "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust."

The great words died away, like organ tones. The Unknown Soldier was looming tall and beautiful, like an angel.

"These are the heroes," he said, very gently. "Their graves are the holy ground of earth. Here build your altars of faith and hope and love, and here let the people worship and bow down, and find Great Peace."

The voice of the Soldier was silent. His glowing body began to fade. Suddenly he was a shadow again, and the shadow, a darkness. I was alone. The wind was cold upon me, and I shivered. Then I seemed to start, and wake, as though from sleep. It was the draught from that open window in my room. I arose to shut it, and my book tumbled noisily to the floor. What was it I had been reading, as I sat down here in this chair, and looked out over the city, and thought of the Unknown Soldier far off there on the hill? O, yes—a book of poems! And here was the open page—and two short stanzas. I must have been pondering them, as I fell asleep:

> Who goes there,
> In the night,
> Across the wind-swept plain?
> *We are the ghosts of a valiant war,*
> *A million murdered men.*
>
> Who goes there,
> At the dawn,
> Across the sun-swept plain?
> *We are the hosts of those who swear—*
> *It shall not be again.*

The Magna Charta of the New Race

By Earl H. Thayer

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor but hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for he maketh the sun to rise on the evil and on the good and sendeth rain on the just and unjust. For if ye love them that love you what reward have ye? Do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? Do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect. Matthew 5:43-48.

PAPINI, in his "Life of Christ," calls these words the Magna Charta of the New Race, a race not yet born. He says there are three races: "The first was that of the animal without law, and its name was War; the second was barbarians tamed by Law whose highest perfection was justice. This is the race now living, and justice has not yet conquered War, and the Law has not yet supplanted animality. The third is to be the race of real men, not only upright but holy, not like beasts but like God." This is not only a chronological division of the race of men but a stratification of society, because law has not yet fully supplemented animality, as he says, and love, which came into the world through Christ, has transformed a few lives but has not by any means rendered law unnecessary.

I

Scientists, philosophers and religious leaders recognize a stage of animality and speak of it in terms of struggle, conflict and war. It is the stage of tooth, fang and claw, of clashing interests and the instincts of warring flesh. Whether you think of animal life, primitive man or Paul's natural man, it is the same. Whether it is Papini, Studdert-Kennedy, Alfred Russell Wallace, Charles R. Brown, or the apostle Paul, he sees the struggles in animality. Men belong to this stage when they are dominated by instincts, passions and appetites. Studdert-Kennedy thought the principle of conflict or war ran through all life, not only in the primitive man but between man and woman, child and parent, and between various levels of society. He would make the conflict creative. He would lift it up to a level where the better will be produced.

However, in this stage of conflicting interests and unrestrained passions and appetites, wars grow. Was not the love of a woman, Helen of Troy, the occasion of the Trojan wars? Was not the acquisitive instinct the psychological background of the conflicts of herdsmen of old, of the colonial wars, and even a factor in the last great war? How many wars have been fought just for conquest? Is it not fear, suspicion, hate that occasion the great armaments of today—greater than those of 1914? Are there not more men under arms today than before the war?

Moreover, those stages in history in which there was no central authority, no law backed by force, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes, were not golden ages or even inspiring times. Read the book of Judges. Many of the stories do not leave a good taste in the mouth. Idealism was low. The book closes with the significant phrase: "In those days there was no king in Israel: every man did that which was right in his own eyes." Our American frontier life, in which there were no regularly constituted authorities, was a time of the rustler and bully, of the gambling den and saloon with its carousing, fighting and killing. "Its name was War."

That the age of animality is the age of war is evidenced by the fact that in times of war men seem to revert to the stage of animality. The veneer of civilization is thrown off. Cruelties, hates and selfish interests come to the front. Crime increases. The statistics for crime in our city of Cleveland, especially crimes against person, such as assaults and homicides, and crimes against property, including thefts of all kinds, reached their high-water-mark in 1917, the year of our entrance into the war. During the anticipatory years arrests for crime rise rapidly and with prohibition fall, never reaching the high level again. We feel the degrading effects long after, however.

War is the name of the stage of animality. However black we may paint this stage and whatever we call it, war or animality, we need to remember that it was out of this stage, out of fierce struggles, out of bloody conflicts of ugly saurian creatures, out of muck and dirt and the warfare of instinct, out of a fomenting, erupting, volcanic world that the present civilization has emerged.

II

The second race—called barbarians tamed by law whose highest perfection was justice—grows out of the first. Clashing interests lead to regulation. Men early organized themselves into families, tribes and nations, with customs designed for mutual protection and aid. Customs sanctified by the tribe are the basis of law. Law may be called customs codified. Both depend upon public opinion. The sanctions of customs were penalties inflicted by society, and the sanction of law is force. Force, however, does not make right. Force, including war—which is force on a national scale—has to be justified. The justification of force now is that men have not fully left the stage of animality. We cannot dispense with police; we cannot dispense with bank guards, as the daily robberies indicate. Woodrow Wilson was perfectly logical, for his time, when he put Article 10 in the League of Nations covenant. It was an attempt to create a police force for the nations, assuming that there might be some nations still dominated by animality.

In our early frontier days, the days of the cattle rustler and the bully, the better-minded and sometimes the weaker banded together for protection. Vig-

ilance committees were formed. Here was an attempt at regulation and an endeavor to dominate animality with law. Justice was the motive. With the coming of the sheriff came law sanctioned by force. We still need regulation and we are still seeking for justice. It seems hard to get.

Justice has been the great word through the centuries. It was at a time when justice was hard to get that certain theories of the atonement emphasizing the justice of God were developed. The death of Jesus was thought of as satisfying divine justice outraged by sin. It represents the highest perfection of the legal mind. While justice seems to be the great desideratum, it is often perverted and the perversion of justice leads to and abets wrong-doing.

As often administered, human justice takes but little notice of motives or extenuating circumstances. While often erring on the side of laxity it may also err on the side of severity. It may produce its Shylock demanding his pound of flesh. At times it needs tempering. It does not, therefore, represent the highest perfection. There is a higher way.

III

The coming race is the race whose Magna Charta shall be that portion of the Sermon on the Mount used as the text of this sermon. Its chief principle is love. It sets forth an idealism not yet reached. We may be making slow progress toward it. Here is a straw. The objection to Article 10 of the League of Nations covenant, which provided for the sanction of war, is objected to by many Americans because it justifies that which we are trying to eliminate. There is a feeling that war cannot be eliminated by war.

Moreover, this League of Nations, having as its objective the elimination of war, is not yet dead, as a poll of ministers made by the World Tomorrow indicated. More than half of the 19,000 replying to a questionnaire said they thought the United States should enter the league. More significant, however, in this questionnaire, was the stand that the majority took on the question of war itself. Out of 19,373 ministers who replied, 54 per cent said they were personally prepared to state that it is their present purpose not to sanction any future war nor participate as an armed combatant in one; and what perhaps may be still more significant is the fact that 72 per cent of the theological students replying took the same stand.

Moreover, many who served in the last war are very emphatic in their statement of refusal to take part in another. The cynic replies, concerning the ministers: "Oh well, let another war come and see what they do. They will fall in line as before." Not this generation! You will have to grow up a new generation first. Some of these took their stand during the last war and suffered for it and will not change.

Why this attitude? They have seen what war does. Its hatreds, animosities, cruelties and sufferings, its destructiveness, its perversions of character, its lying propaganda and its incompatibility with the Christian spirit have impressed them. Think of its physical destructiveness alone.

Five years after the war I stood on the battlefield of Pontivier, which was marked with shell holes and crumbling dugouts over which nature had so kindly spread a mantle of green as though trying to cover the ugly results of men's destructiveness. Not a building, not a living tree was in sight; only barbed wire entanglements and the stumps of a few dead trees. Over all reigned a silence broken only by the twitter of a bird, which added to the sense of desolation.

Later we rode down the hill opposite Verdun and passed the gray, bleak walls of deserted villages. Not

Earl H. Thayer

a roof nor a window was left, not a person walking the street. Here, where children had played in the streets and housewives gossiped at the doorsteps and men smoked in peace, war had left only gray, bleak walls—the ghost of a civilization that was dead. I stood near the site of Fleury where once was a city of 25,000, with its homes, its markets, its schools and its churches with their spires pointing heavenward. Not a thing was left; not one stone piled upon another; just here and there a rock peering through a mantle of green bearing grim testimony to war's destructiveness.

Add to that the woe, the heartaches, the deaths, the moral perversions, and men turn away with anguish on their faces. Love seeks a better way.

Force was not the way of Jesus. He lived in the spirit of the Magna Charta of the New Race. Many of the fine souls of history have followed in his train. Gandhi, not a Christian in name but one in spirit, influenced by Jesus, especially by the Sermon on the Mount, has a more effective weapon than force. The boycott of English cloth keeps the mills of England

idle and compels consideration of India's problems. Jesus followed the way of love and did not hate anyone. If you love you cannot hate, and war loses one of the factors that make it possible. If you love your enemy you cannot kill him, and war becomes impossible. If you love according to this Magna Charta you must respect the property and person of others. There can be no exploitation. This is the race that is to be.

This is Memorial Sunday, in which we memorialize all our beloved dead, especially those who have served their country; but we do not commemorate hatreds. We do not memorialize triumphs over an enemy. We think rather of achievements. We honor them because of their bravery, their sacrifices and their spirit of service. We erect monuments to their memory, but not to commemorate victories as they did in Germany, not to keep alive hatreds or the sense of injustice as they did in Paris. Rather, we seek to honor the spirit of giving and of service. We need not judge nor question the wisdom of the mode of expression; rather, we think of the spirit of love of country, of sacrifice and of the ideals that prompted it. We are still in the stage of law sanctioned by force.

There are problems, however; great problems for us to solve. They are in the city, in the nation and among the nations. So far as the conflicts are inevitable, it is for us to lift them up and make them creative. It is for us to solve them in the spirit of love. It is also for us to take the Sermon on the Mount more to heart; to seek to make it more of a reality in our lives and to live by its spirit, ever exalting that spirit of love, the great regnant principle expressed in the Magna Charta of the New Race—the race of real men who shall be not like beasts, but like God.

How Jesus Shared His Religion

By Russell J. Clinchy

Think not that I came to destroy the law, or the prophets: I came not to destroy, but to fulfill. Matthew 5:17.

WE are aware that we have left one era and are entering another in both the message and the method of the propagation of religion. In the past generations of Christian history there was little question of what should be given to non-Christians, and none in regard as to how it should be given. That was the era of what might be called medieval Christianity.

There was no effort made to destroy this message and method. It simply broke down of its own weight. There was nothing in human nature that could respond to it. We began to appreciate the value of human personality which was entitled to its own beliefs without being damned. We also learned that other men were seeking God just as sincerely as ourselves, and sometimes more successfully. We, therefore, had to abandon proselytizing and yet we wanted to know how we might vitally use the bit of truth we believed we possessed. The physical universe had told us that nothing can live in a vacuum, or if it remains idle, not even religion. We wanted to learn how to use it justly.

We evolved our present method, and called it modern, but in reality it is a most ancient approach. What has happened is that we have cast off our medieval minds, and have discovered the eternal modernity of Jesus. We have learned that Jesus did not propagate religion. Religion, to Jesus, was what Dean Wicks has called a "sharable possession." You could not give it to a man, nor could you force it upon him. Religion was an experience which could be shared with men who already possessed a measure of it as you did, and in the sharing came the growth and new appreciations. We can understand the meaning and potentiality of modern missions, therefore, as we understand the method which Jesus used in sharing his religion.

I

He began in a strange way. *He simply went about doing good.* When a man once wanted to describe Jesus he said he was one who went about doing good. He was one who was thinking the thoughts which would hold sway over the minds of men for future generations, but he spent most of his time at the places of human need. He was at the bedside of a sick child; with a man who had lain for thirty-eight years at the pool of Bethesda; with a man who had been born blind; with men whose minds were so sick and so mentally unbalanced that men said demons possessed them; with men and women who were walking through the valley of the shadow of death. Jesus knew that the world needed many things, but that its greatest and most urgent need was for people who would go about doing good in the areas of human need, for it was there where the foundations of life must be built. He not only recognized the truth that poverty and disease and insanity wreak their toll of sorrow and death upon humanity, but he also understood that a spiritual message which was not concerned with the deep human needs of the body and mind could never fully reach the souls of men in any conclusive and powerful manner. It is only a religion which begins by going about doing good which ever convinces a man that it contains a valid and useful spiritual message.

That is just what we call the modern emphasis in Christian missions. Modern missions begin with a young doctor and his wife who have established a hospital on one of the islands of the Philippines to which they have recently been able to bring an x-ray machine, the only x-ray within a hundred miles. Nothing seems more close to the spirit of Jesus than an x-ray machine, for we can understand how happily the fingers of Jesus, which reached out to touch

sick bodies, would handle the ministries of an x-ray machine.

Or there is that hospital in China to which a young Chinese father wrote a letter headed, "To the Hospital of Benevolence of the Church of Christ," saying that he had taken his wife from a village in China where the methods of childbirth brought every mother to the gates of death, to the hospital, where, as he said, "my wife and our baby are peaceful." From China one might move to India and visit Friendship House in Bombay where a young American missionary is in charge of a settlement house in which the Mohammedans meet one night, the Hindus another, and Christians on the third, and all together on the fourth; where the children of the congested area meet at the playgrounds, and where the baby clinic ministers to babies of every race and creed. The power of a life in that kind of a place is told during the riots of 1929 when Mohammedans and Hindus fought against each other, and both against the British. The missionary there was under suspicion by men of all sides who did not know him until men would say "Don't you know him? He is Manshardt of Friendship House."

The mission program of today is one with Jesus in going about doing good.

II

Whenever Jesus found a man or woman, or a group of people, who might be led into an appreciation of religious values, he simply began by asking them if they were interested in *finding out the resources of life*. He had a fascinating phrase which was vital to the desert country in which he lived. He used to ask if a man was interested in the water of life. In that country every person was interested in water. It was the vital factor in life, for you lived and prospered according to the measure in which you found water. Therefore, when Jesus met a woman who was drawing water from a well, and whose spiritual need was so apparent, he did not tell her she had to believe some formula in order to be saved. He asked her if she was interested in finding water of life which if a man drank would satisfy his spiritual thirst. And as she was like every man and woman who has lived, or will live, she knew that life could never hold significance or satisfaction until she had found those spiritual wells.

We call them resources today, for while we use water, it is power on which our civilization is built, and what we need are resources for power. Then Jesus would make the approach to men in those terms of our interest in the resources of life. He spoke to men on the basis of their most urgent quest, and he asked to be allowed to share the quest with them. He said he felt that he had found some guide-posts, and he asked to be allowed to share a journey with them on which they might discover whether these guide-posts were true and led to the end of the quest.

Modern missions are following Jesus there. Kingsley Birge is in Turkey. Since he graduated from Yale twenty years ago, he has been there as a follower of Jesus. When the revolution occurred in Turkey a decree was passed prohibiting the teaching of religion. Many missionaries left Turkey, but King Birge went back. He now edits a magazine called "Environment," which is interested in every phase of life in the modern world of Europe and Asia. He is translating the New Testament into modern Turkish. But most of all he keeps the doors of his home on the Bosporous open to Turkish young men and women, and in his living room, and at his table, they come to talk the long, long thoughts of life, and its meanings, and

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its uses. Rigorously he adheres to the edict against the mention of institutional religion, but no nation or no people ever wanted to, or could, prohibit the pervasive influence of the personality and spirit of Jesus from passing from a man in whom it was a living reality into the life of another man who was hungry to live like Jesus of Nazareth.

The program of modern missions today is one with Jesus in sharing a quest for the resources of life.

III

We can well remember how Jesus always sought to turn men's attention to the *old expressions of eternal truth*. When men would come to him and ask him for the answer to a certain question, he would constantly ask them if they recalled what Moses, or Isaiah, or Jeremiah had said concerning that problem. He not only was steeped in the knowledge of the truths which had been proclaimed by the ancient prophets of mankind, but he had fused them into his mind and soul so greatly that they had become the dynamic motivation of his thought and aspiration. He sensed the revealing truth that the light of the face of

God had broken upon the upturned faces of seeking and questing men in all generations and places, and that in the light of the minds and hearts of these men, we were able to apprehend and appreciate the truths of God. These men had come from different places, and different walks of life, and even from different ages of civilization, but no matter what the age or the place, these were great souls whose message spoke of eternal verities. Jesus asked men to remember them, and to listen to what they said. When they asked him what was the great commandment, he told them what the books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy said.

That is what the modern missionary does today. When he enters a civilization like that of India or China, he immediately begins a search for all that Buddha or Confucius or Lao-Tze has ever taught so that he may find there all the revelations of the truth of God that have come to them, and, what is of more importance, how they translated this truth in terms of the nature and civilization of those people. This does not mean that they believe that everything those spiritual seers spoke was true, any more than Jesus thought that everything that Jewish prophets spoke was the voice of God. But they do know that these prophets of these religions have looked into the face of God, and possess broken fragments of that truth as have all prophetic souls, and that in their light we are helped to see light.

A few years ago Dr. Charles W. Gilkey, Dean of the Chapel at University of Chicago, went to India to speak to the students there. He gave to his lectures the title "Jesus and Our Generation." In every student center in India he spoke to college audiences of from 1,500 to 2,000 students, all having come voluntarily to hear his words. Then in personal contact and group discussions he spoke with thousands more, all because he shared with them their spiritual experience, and then asked them to share the experience of Jesus with him. When this is done, the missionary finds out that this is just what the non-Christian student is most eager to do.

In this area, also, the program of modern missions is one with the method which Jesus used.

IV

Then Jesus took the farthest step. *He sacrificed himself for men.* He was willing to do them good, and he was eager for the adventure of the quest for truth with them, but he also knew that greater love hath no man than this, that a man will lay down his life for his friend. And that is the final power. There must be the spirit of the servant and of a sharing of the quest in every teacher of mankind as there was in Jesus, but the power which finally moves men toward Jesus is that lonely cross against the evening sky. That is the mightiest throne on earth, for it is the only unconquerable throne. That is the power which makes men say, "That man was a Son of God."

Modern missions is placing its emphasis there as Jesus did. We know of the heroic episodes of missionary sacrifice like that of Livingstone in Africa, of Pitkin in the Boxer uprising, and of Williams standing quietly in the doorway of his home in Nanking a few years ago and allowing Chinese to shoot him down because he loved them. But following in the train of these heroic souls have been the long line of those unnamed heroes of the cross who have been living sacrifices for their cause. They have suffered loneliness, misunderstanding, the attacks of selfishness and prejudice, hunger, disease and death—"of whom the world was not worthy." But all over Asia and Africa today there are Hindus, Africans, Chinese and Japanese who have watched other good men and women suffer and die for them that the spirit of Christ might be known of men, and they have turned glad faces toward the light as they have said of them the words which were said of their Master, "Truly these men and women are sons and daughters of God."

That can be the power of the missionary spirit today.

Youth and the New World

A Baccalaureate Sermon

By William E. Brooks

Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. . . . I count not myself to have apprehended but this one thing I do. . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Philippians 3:12-14.

I CANNOT help thinking this morning of the difference between your commencement and mine. We went out, as we thought, "to a time of mid-sea and great things." New discoveries were binding the ends of the earth together. Soon we would be a family of nations. Wars would cease. Old diseases, that like David had slain their tens of thousands, were being conquered at last. And poverty—we dreamed that perhaps we might even conquer that. We thought the world was through with its hardest battles and that just around the corner waited the earthly paradise. That is, until the World War ended many dreams!

It is not likely that you have the same things in mind. It is a sorely troubled world into which you go out. If you are thinking at all—and young people ought to think—then you are at least beginning to realize the terrific tasks that must be faced by your generation. Many ruins must be cleared away, many houses for the soul must be built again. We do not know yet what form they must take, or the fashion of their shaping.

The new world stands as yet
Half-builded against the sky,
Open to every threat,
Of storms that clamor by.

While scaffolding veils the walls
And the dim dust floats and falls,
As moving to and fro
Their tasks the workers ply.

There is a word of an old man spoken to a group of his young friends that I would like to bring to you today as you stand ready to take your part in that task. He was an extraordinary man, a full-rounded man. He had been trained in one of the great schools of his day, at the feet of one of the great masters. Most certainly he would have won Phi Beta Kappa had he been of us. Nor was he a mere scholar, although scholarship is not to be despised. As I read his letters I find myself wondering if he was not an athlete, a runner. Those letters are full of allusions to the Greek games. He must have loved them once. Perhaps he himself thundered down the track amid the cheers of the crowd that filled the stadium where "they that run in a race run all, but one obtaineth the prize." He was widely traveled. Best of all, he knew men—the things that make or mar them. The word of such a man is not lightly to be cast aside. And here is his word for you: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect. . . . I count not myself to have apprehended but this one thing I do. . . . I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Paul, that amazing man, who more than any other turned the currents of history from their courses and cut new channels for human life, reveals to us the secret of his vast achievement in these words. I give them to you as you begin your work.

Adventurers of Discontent

"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect." No smug man said that, smug in his own satisfaction. A discontent with what man has done lies behind every great achievement. Columbus had it as he went from door to door begging for the aid that would let him chart the way to the new world. He had seen things. He must see more. Ignatius Loyola had it as he lay in the hospital after Pampeluna and thought that the days of his soldiering were done. No, they were not done—he would be a soldier of Holy Church! Nelson had it as his battles claimed bit after bit of him, now an eye and now an arm, but he could not stop while a French fleet threatened the safety of his island land.

And it was this divine discontent, this refusal to accept his task as ended while there remained things to be done, that made Paul what he was. It will be the refusal to accept that discontent that will make you what your time demands. One cannot cover a whole era with a word, but if I were called upon to judge the time out of which we have just passed, these years especially since the war, I would say that that divine discontent was missing from it, and from that the tragedy of today has come. You remember how James Truslow Adams estimates those years: "We had got tired of idealism and had been urged to place our destinies in the hands of the safe realists, hard-headed business man who would stand no nonsense about 'moral issues' of which we were told we had had enough. . . . But having surrendered idealism for the sake of prosperity the 'practical man' bankrupted us of both of them. We had forgotten, though no post-war leader dared to remind us of the fact, that it is impractical only to be practical. Without a vision a people perish."

Aye, truly, for it is the vision that fills them with discontent with what has been attained, that drives them on to new heights, that calls them to new and more glorious endeavors. Whatever else you do, never shut your eyes to the vision, never "settle down" and refuse to say with Paul—"Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect."

An Open Mind

There are two things that I am pleading with you to have that Paul had—an open mind and a definite goal. "I count not myself to have apprehended"—he did not know it all; there were many things yet to be learned; and he was an old man with many years behind him when he said it. The windows of his mind were open to all the winds of earth.

It is so easy to close your mind. One man does it in the name of liberalism. I have met during the years many men who called themselves scholars who had simply closed every window in their minds to the religion of Jesus. Years before, perhaps, they had run afoul of some peculiar type of orthodoxy, and they had said to themselves, "Well, I cannot be a liberal and believe that." And the consequence was that they had ceased to be both liberal and religious. For liberalism does not mean the wearing of a label but the possession of an open mind. And an open mind never ignored a fact as important as Jesus because once it was not satisfied with a certain explanation of him.

And there are others I have met whose minds were closed for the same reason as Francis Hackett ascribes to Katherine of Aragon. "Katherine," he says, "was immured in her own squat righteousness. She wanted the environment to adapt itself to her and if it refused she stood the siege until her walls became her tombstone." Unfortunately that experience is not limited to Katherine. Others have done the same. If they had not, we would not be in the condition we are today. You will forgive me if I say that you may be tempted to join the company. New ideas are going to come crowding in on you in these amazing years through which we are passing, some of them vastly disturbing. That always happens in a time like this. Will you shut your mind to them, and stand the siege until "your walls become your tombstone."

Please don't think I am urging you to accept all of them. A thousand times, no! Again Paul: "Prove all things, hold fast to that which is good." Many a fool notion, that hinders a man's usefulness or even ruins his life, would never have been allowed entrance to his thoughts, if this word of Paul's were remembered and applied. But if we are to rebuild

for a better day, if you are going out from school to take your place building a new world, you must needs remember—even after your hair is gray—to keep your minds open to the coming of new thoughts, of new ideas. Do you remember those words of Jesus spoken to his disciples the night before he was betrayed: "When he the Spirit of Truth is come, he will lead you into all truth." Yes, but not if you close your mind! Not even the Spirit of Truth could batter in the walls of Katherine of Aragon; or of the man who sneers because he knows it all. But the Spirit did

William E. Brooks

lead Paul, who said: "I count not myself to have apprehended, but I press on." Neither satisfied with past achievements nor afraid to venture further!

A Definite Goal

But Paul had more than an open mind. He had a definite goal. And strangely enough, that goal was not some outward achievement. Strangely enough, I say, for his time was a time when outward achievements were stressed. They were rebuilding Rome to make it glorious. Temples, palaces, baths, all of shining marble, richly adorned with sculpture, they were crowding into the old city among the seven hills. They were seeking to conquer new provinces or to consolidate those already won, building the empire together with the hard, durable Roman roads. Their caravans swept on to distant places to bring the treasures of the world to Roman palaces or their caravels searched distant seas to add to the store. He was great, they thought, who achieved in these pursuits, and to them the youth devoted his life that he might share in the glory or the gain. And as you listen to many of the voices of today you will find that Roman goal not altogether forgotten.

But not Paul. Neither fortune, nor fame, nor a gleaming palace, nor a seat in the senate, was enough for him. His goal was something greater: "I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." He had seen the kingdoms of the world. He had walked the street of Rome. He had looked into the tired faces of soldiers and senators and merchant princes, even unto that of Caesar himself, and he counted himself happy that his was a greater goal than theirs, a thing more to be desired. F. W. H. Meyers has caught his thought in those stirring lines.

> Christ! I am Christ's! and let the name suffice you;
> And, for me too, he greatly hath sufficed.
> Lo, with no winning words I would entice you;
> Paul hath no honor and no friend but Christ.
>
> Yea, through life, death; through sorrow and
> through sinning,
> He shall suffice me, for he hath sufficed;
> Christ is the end, for Christ is the beginning,
> Christ the beginning for the end is Christ.

There is more than poetry in those words. There is the great passion of the man's life. An open mind, but a great goal—Christ, to be like him, to serve him, to make him Lord of his own life, and of all!

Does it seem strange that I commend that goal to you as more to be desired than any other? I have seen men strive for other goals, and I have seen their sorrow. I have lived through the Great Catastrophe, through the terrible years of war, through the deadlier, ghastlier years when gain was the only goal. And I have seen the laurels wither before they clasped the winner's brow. Deep within the tragedy of this hour is the sense of the futility of it all! That is the reason for the despair, and the reason why so many have been turning to something else. Have you ever thought how infinitely these lines of Struthers Burt fit the mood of our time:

> Out of the dark we come, nor know
> Into what outer dark we go.
> Wings sweep across the stars at night,
> Sweep and are lost in flight,
> And down the star-strewn windy lanes the sky
> Is empty as before the wings went by.
>
> We cannot brook the wide sun's might,
> We are alone and chilled by night;
> We stand, atremble and afraid,
> Upon the small worlds we have made;
> Fearful, lest all our poor control
> Should turn and tear us to the soul;
> Adread, lest we should be denied
> The price we hold our ragged pride;
> So in the end we cast them by
> For a gaunt cross against the sky.

Not all (I wish they were) but many are turning from their disgust and disillusionment to that "gaunt cross against the sky" and to the One that hangs upon it. You of your generation are going to be compelled to listen to him as he stands before you, and says:

"You have tried everything. What are you going to do with me?"

I warn you, if you give him place, you are not going to have an easy time. You are going to sweep out of your life many of the things that have been very precious to you, your own comfort, your own pleasure, your own desire, your own glory. This following of Christ is not easy. He himself called it taking up the cross. And there is only one thing you can do with a cross—die upon it! But there is no other way if you are going to follow him. Paul found it so—yet he commended it! And the interesting thing about it as he commends it to us is that he knew nothing else would work. We have tried for nineteen centuries to prove him wrong, but some of us are turning again to "this gaunt cross against the sky."

The Majestic Figure

Just because nineteen centuries have not proved Paul wrong, just because the last years have proved so many other things in which we trusted to be wrong, I say again that the one insistent question your generation will have to answer is: "What will we do with Christ?" I was visiting a great hospital the other day and passing along a corridor I saw a painting that someone had given it. It was of that black night on Galilee when the disciples were afraid. One could see them crowded there in the boat with the fear in their faces. And one could also see that Figure coming across the waves as on a sure road, instant, majestic. As I go along the city streets and see that same fear everywhere I look to see him coming. He will be seen. You may see only the storm now, only the wreck of the world. What will you do when you see him?

One of the deepest-seeing of our modern poets has written:

Now in the East the morning dies,
The full light of the splendid sun
Strikes downward in our lifted eyes,
And the long journey is begun:
Across the shattered walls
A voice prophetic calls,
With tumult and with laughter
We rise and follow after.

The modern world, immense and wide,
Awaits us, huger than before,
With new stars swimming in the void,
And Science brooding evermore
The sweep of the limitless vast;
The Past is dead and past;
Yet through it all forever
One voice is silent never.

Mid iron wheels and planets whirled,
The changing city, in the street,—
The machinery of the modern world—
His lips cry loudly and entreat,
Like one that lifts his head
For a second time from the dead,
Out of the Age's prison,
The new Christ re-arisen!

Re-arisen, and going before us, to lead to a new day! What that day will be depends upon how many follow him. And if you think Paul too far removed to be your guide, if you wonder whether modern men are finding the same thing, let me give you the words of one of the great prophets of today, Albert Schweitzer, musician, philosopher, healer of men's bodies, and minister to their souls. What he commends to us and declares he had found true himself: "Jesus comes to us as one Unknown, as of old by the lakeside, he came to those who knew him not. He speaks to us the same word, 'Follow thou Me.' And sets us to the tasks which he has to fulfill in our time. He commands. And to those who obey him, whether they be wise or simple, he will reveal himself in the toils, the conflicts, the sufferings which they shall pass through in his fellowship. And as an ineffable mystery they shall learn in their own experience who he is."

And to learn that is worth all it costs.

"Playing God"

By Holt Hughes

As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world. John 18:18.

IT IS NOT often that we ministers find inspiration or suggestion for a sermon in our modern films. However, those of you who have seen George Arliss in his latest picture, "The Man Who Played God," will realize that great sermons can be preached through this medium. When I first heard the title of the picture, I must admit that it sounded very much out of place, even irreligious. Then after seeing the picture I realized that the title was indeed well chosen.

The story is that of a man who had won fame as a great musician. He lives for his music, loving it more than everything else. The night before returning to America from France, where he had given a series of concerts, an accident deprives him of his hearing. This experience so embitters him that he gives up his music, shuts himself away from his friends and spends his time brooding on the top floor of his New York home. Finally he is persuaded by his sister to learn lip-reading. Through the training of an excellent teacher he becomes most proficient in this art, but there is little change in his life. He is especially bitter against God because of the tragedy that has come into his life, his bitterness turning to hatred and cynicism. Finally, determined to commit suicide, he is dissuaded by his valet, who has faith in the beauty of the world and the goodness and mercy of God. He is urged to look through a pair of field glasses and see the beauty of the park just across the way. As he looks through the glasses, he sees a couple strolling along one of the paths. So proficient has he become in lip-reading that he can read their words as they speak. He discovers

another of life's tragedies. The young man has just come from a doctor's office where he has learned that there is no hope of cure for his tubercular condition unless there can be complete rest and proper medical care for a year. As they sit on a park bench, the girl offers to sacrifice herself to her employer in order that she may obtain the means to give the man she loves the required care. Inaudibly, his lips move in prayer. His words are caught by the man in the window of the mansion. First, he curses and mocks the God who allows such misery to exist and then there comes the desire to help. The valet is hurriedly dispatched to

Holt Hughes

the park to obtain the young man's name and address, though he is never to know the identity of his benefactor.

This is only the beginning of such adventures for the musician. Each day, with his glasses, he learns from the lips of humanity more of the tragedies and heartaches of life. He reads their prayers and answers them. Thus his life becomes transformed by "playing God," answering the prayers of the unfortunates. As he himself expresses it, he has "gone into partnership with God."

Partnership With God

In the field of religion there has been as much controversy concerning prayer as any other one thing. Many persons in our churches today are frankly skeptical concerning the power of prayer. Others have altogether lost faith in it. I wonder if we ourselves are not very largely to blame for this skepticism and lack of faith? Long ago I came to the conclusion that God must have human vehicles with which to work.

The thing that has made Christianity a great power in the world is not the fact that God sets aside natural laws so he can answer prayers. It is because the prayers of humanity have been answered to such a large extent by those who are consecrated to God's service, by those who live daily as "partners" with him.

Most of us believe that if God is anything, he is omnipresent. The epistles teach that we are "temples of God," "letters of Christ." If it be true that he is everywhere, he must be in us and therefore he expresses himself in us and through us. Even Christ said, "I of mine own self can do nothing." In other words, it was God in Christ who enabled him to do his work. He was the means God had of answering so many of the prayers of humanity.

He also made it plain that others could do as he did—yes, and do even greater things. In this beautiful prayer which John's Gospel has recorded for us we find him saying of those who are to carry on his work, "As Thou hast sent me into the world, Even so send I them into the world." In other words, as God has sent him into the world as his partner, to answer the prayers of humanity, so also was he sending the beginnings of his great company of disciples whose successors would carry on in every age throughout the world.

For What Do We Pray?

Let us now ask ourselves this question: What is the nature of our prayer? Thanksgiving, adoration, praise, a plea for the forgiveness of sin! All of these have their part. But I venture to say that the larger part of our prayer has to do with petitions. By this I do not mean to infer that our petitions are selfish or unworthy. Realizing our own weaknesses, knowing of God's power and love it is only natural that it should be so.

This, however, is the point I wish to make. When we have asked for things, how have our prayers been answered? Have the natural laws which govern the universe been set aside by divine command? My observation has been that when God answers prayers, he uses human vehicles.

A minister prays for the enrichment of the spiritual life of his church; for leaders; for a lightening of the burden of debt. There is only one way in the world in which the prayer of that minister can be answered. The spiritual life of the church is enriched through the sacrificial devotion of its people. Christian leadership comes from consecrated lives of men and women. I have never heard of God burning a mortgage or leaving money for the payment of the interest obligations in the minister's study. If God answers the prayer of the minister, it is by means of those who consider themselves partners with him; those who are willing to "play God" and answer the prayer. They are the ones who determine the success or failure of the church.

Again, there are those of us who have prayed that we might be able to realize our Christian ideals. How has God answered this prayer? No miracle has been performed, but we have seen these ideals in the lives of others and through them our prayer is answered. We have prayed that we might have character. Few of us have had Pauline experiences, but we have been

privileged to see the Christlike characters of men and women. Through them God has answered our prayers.

Sooner or later we find ourselves experiencing the loss of a loved one. Again we find ourselves praying, this time for comfort and the assurance of immortality. It may be that when men and women have thus prayed, they have heard God's own voice speaking to them, bringing them comfort. However, I am sure that the vast majority of people who have made such a prayer would testify to the fact that when God has answered it he has done so by means of human vehicles. Through word or deed of loved one, friend or minister divine comfort has been given.

Today countless numbers of men and women are praying for courage and faith. The world seems to be crumbling under their feet. Never have we had such an opportunity to be "partners" with God, to help him answer the prayers of a distressed world. Are we equal to the opportunity that is before us? Can we not see the transformation that will take place in the world if those of us who are professing Christians will but consider ourselves "partners" with God? Doing our part in answering the prayers of others makes us such "partners."

"As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world." We have received our credentials as ambassadors of Christ. May God give us faith and courage which will enable us to be true to our calling.

The Meaning of Mother's Day

By Frank Fitt

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. *John* 19:25.

MANY years ago, in a small town in Virginia, there lived a woman who, throughout her mature life, was the moving spirit of the Sunday school of her church. Some time after this woman passed away the superintendent of the Sunday school wrote to her daughter, then living in Philadelphia, asking her to arrange a memorial service which could be held in the church with which her mother had been associated for many years. The daughter did so, and in her task she suddenly realized that the custom of an annual service honoring motherhood might be possible. It was in 1908, just twenty-four years ago, that the first Mother's day service was held in the small Virginia town. In 1914 the second Sunday in May was set apart officially as Mother's day by resolution of congress and proclamation by the President of the United States. Each year the recognition of this day has spread among the churches, until now there is hardly a community in the United States in which the meaning of the day is not given some emphasis. Within less than thirty years the observance of Mother's day has established itself as securely as the observance of Thanksgiving day, and already seems to hold more meaning for the people than some other days of inspiring association in the Christian year. Why should this be? Why should Mother's day leap into such a rapid and genuine acclaim? Is it merely one more sentimental outburst of the American mob mind? Or is it something much deeper and more meaningful?

After all, mothers are imperfect like the rest of us. While it is the manifest obligation of every son and daughter never to refer to their mother in any way that is not kind, the fact remains that mothers are just as human in their frailties and weaknesses as the rest of us. We know young mothers who seem entirely irresponsible. We know mature mothers who caper around in this jazz age in a manner that is hardly admirable. And we know aged mothers who are querulous and complaining, hard to live with, selfish and demanding. If we are to have Mother's day, why should we not have Father's day? We can think of certain fathers who meant everything to their children. As a matter of fact we are supposed to have a Father's day in the autumn, but it has never received the response that comes so naturally to Mother's day. Or why should we not have a Middle-Aged day or a Young People's day? We are all acquainted with admirable men and women of middle-age, and young men and women, who carry inspiration every time we meet them. But, somehow, such a suggestion does not appeal to us. Mother's day remains by itself. Why is this? What is there about Mother's day that makes its appeal?

Love of Mother—and of God

In our attempt to get at the secret of the appeal of Mother's day we may as well make up our minds that no anniversary can receive general recognition among people of all ages and social groups unless it links itself very definitely with something deep and fine in the human heart. The florists and the candy manufacturers have a material stake in Mother's day; but they did not originate the day or develop its popularity. They may profit by it, but only because its foundation is spiritual and not material. Subtract all of the sentimentality that gathers around Mother's day, and something beautiful and compelling remains. What is that something? What is that inner core of meaning that accounts for the common attitude of reverence and respect on this second Sunday in May? I believe it to be our recognition, conscious and unconscious, that in motherhood we have the nearest approach in human terms, the most definite hint in our human experience, of the perfect and transcending ideal of the love of God. Not in all mothers do we find this; but in many mothers it stands out clear and distinct, the blinding, passionate love that nourishes and guides and directs, that redeems and restores and recreates; and because we feel this in some mothers as the nearest approximation of the divine love we honor motherhood as a whole on Mother's day.

This is the explanation of the fundamental appeal of Mother's day. Easter is a parade of fashion, and something more—the anniversary of that day when

Christ our Lord broke the bonds of death. Mother's day has a good deal of the artificial and the sentimental, and something more—the recognition that in a mother's love there is a note of tenderness and redemptive power that we find in perfect terms in the Christian doctrine of the incarnation. At least, that is the way in which Mother's day explains itself to me. If it were merely a day of sentiment I should not want to waste any time over it in a Christian pulpit. But it is a day of meaning, a deep and moving meaning, which brings us close to the central message of our faith. And I am glad to think that in the midst of our bewildering experience of life, with its temptations and its tragedies, there are certain examples of motherhood which stand out with the glowing light of the divine. Francis Thompson in "The Hound of Heaven" has given us a picture of the love of God relentlessly seeking out man as he tries to flee away on his own devices. It is a great poem. But I prefer the conception of parenthood, and more particularly motherhood, as helping us to understand the redemptive power that we Christians call the love of God.

God's Love for Mankind

On the face of it, in the daily round of our activities, it is not easy to believe in the love of God as the controlling and final factor. The ingratitude of human nature, the small-mindedness and hatred of which any community is capable at times, the machine-like tread of modern civilization establishing us in various grooves, the struggle to survive economically, the ugly and defiant materialism of a factory town—all this seems to stamp out the light we call divine. But that is only part of experience, perhaps the most obvious part, but not the underlying part. Here and there, in the most congested tenement and along the shaded avenue, in a home on a grimy street and out in the broad stretches of farm land, in the busy offices of the metropolis and in the quiet of the villages, there are human souls who by their very way of life, their smile, their attitude, their faith, their dependability, indicate to us how unmistakably God ministers to mankind. And among them we think of certain mothers who are so girded about with the atmosphere of the sacred and the holy that in their presence it seems absurd to question the love of God for mankind.

Once a year, at a port in the south of France, a scene takes place which is always written up graphically in our American newspapers. Whenever I read the account of that scene I cannot put it from my mind for days, for it breathes forth a lasting impression of horror and degradation. I refer to the annual sail-

A Prayer for Mother's Day

By W. P. Lemon

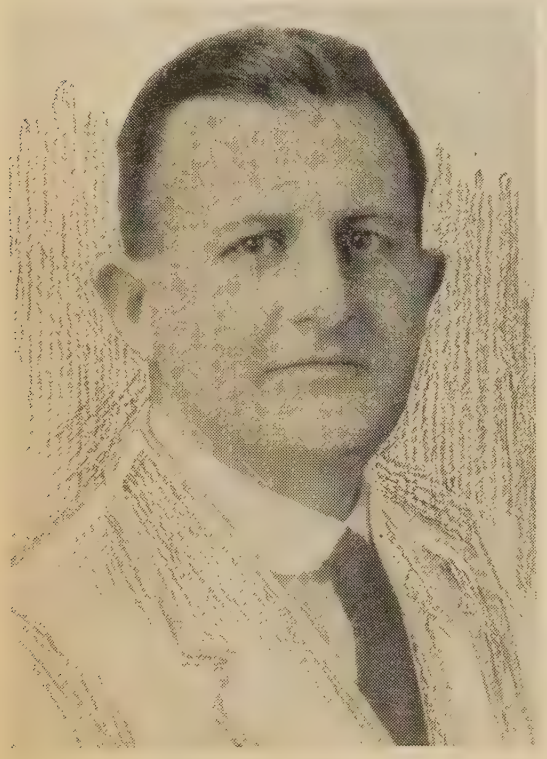
O Thou Unseen Spirit who dost give unity to our years, power to our successive generations, immortality to our little deeds that conform to Thy laws, hope to our lonely aims, and meaning to our deepest instincts, we come to Thee this day dedicated both to the memory of mothers no longer in the flesh and to the ministry of those who still share life with us, and our hearts are glad. We praise Thee for that beneficent plan which sets us all in families; for home which makes a habitation to be hallowed; for love that girds us ere ever we are aware; for sacrifice which shines through soft faces, and for human tenderness that deems us better than we are.

To Thee we return thanks for the Hagar-mothers of the world, whose love is in spite of racial prejudice and social bondage, and for the Hannahs, whose quiet influences have enriched the world through those whom they nourished at the breast. We praise Thee for the little mothers, the Miriams, whose maternal spirit is revealed ere they come to maturity, and for the Rizpahs, estranged and tangled in sorrows, whose love is both stronger than evil and longer than death. We would not be unmindful of Naomi mothers who, while they gave us not physical being, have taken the place of loved ones and have enriched us with life indeed. Above all would we glorify thee for the Marys of life, whose love can bridge all the gulfs of the commonplace and genius, of lowly origins and high destiny; who bear in the soul the sword that pierces the body of their sons, and who are destined to outlive those who should have prolonged a parent's days.

We confess that we have not lived up to the pride which shines in a mother's eyes, and have not attained unto the ideals of our beloved. Some have gone hence never to know from our lips all our sense of indebtedness and gratitude. Those who have been "as God" to us have never enjoyed a reciprocation of their love. Yet, their love born of Thee still haunts us as a blessed influence. They have taught us to comprehend a life beyond the actual. They have nourished ideals within our hearts, and watered them with their tears. They have revealed that which cannot be purchased with gold, and have redeemed our days from the stained, the sordid and the soiled through a deathless hope.

Not with words only, but with dedicated lives, would we come to Thee, the God of our Mothers. In humble penitence and change of heart would we acknowledge them as Thy love by proxy and Thy care incarnate. Help us so to sense Thee that the divine may become domesticated in our homes, and the human may become the normal highway to God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

ing of the prison ship which transports the worst of the French criminals to the prison colony off the coast of South America. It is a dreadful picture. Under heavy guard the men, each with his small bundle of belongings, file down the gang-plank to the iron cages below deck where they will stay until they reach the living death of the prison colony. Some of them are sullen. Some of them smile in defiance. All of them are men of desperate criminal record. When all are on board the ship sails away. It is their last sight of France and they know it. An escape without recapture is a miracle. For them it means hard labor, poor diet, primitive quarters, tropical heat, and a



Frank Fitt

quick death as a blessing. As the ship moves away on its long journey a howl of execration goes up from every prisoner on board and until the distance makes it impossible the onlookers on the shore hear the ghastly, cursing sound. I doubt if civilization anywhere in our time contains a more depressing sight. It means sin and despair, the ugly, horrible side of life. It represents the method of France in dealing with her impossibiles; but it seems a method of hopelessness and desperation.

The Devotion of a Mother

A few years ago, when this convict ship sailed away, something happened which introduced a new note into that dreadful scene. Before the prisoners come on board the ship has to be put into good order, and charwomen are employed for the task. One of these charwomen stayed on board in hiding. No one knew it; but she had a son in the ranks of those condemned to a lonely exile of imprisonment off the South American coast. When he filed on board the next day she rushed out to greet him with one last kiss, one last fond embrace, one last whispered assurance of her mother's love and confidence in him. It must have melted the hearts of the officials who stood nearby with loaded guns. Of course it was against the rules, and as speedily as possible they rushed that mother off the ship. But she had done her part and to the very last all who witnessed the sight would remember it.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o'mine, O mother o'mine!

In that mother's action, so strange and yet so natural, there is the touch of Calvary. It was while we were yet sinners that Christ died for us. He made the sacrifice for our sakes. His blood was shed for the remisison of our sins. Somehow or other, there is a distinct and lasting connection between the cross outside the city wall and our own problem of the evil instinct and the sinful heart. And when that French mother stooped down to the level of that convict ship to share something of the experience of her wayward son she was obeying a power that found its chief and perfect expression in him whom we call Savior. If that convict lives today in the French prison colony, who knows the redemptive love that may be reclaiming him and his fellows because his mother had faith enough to perform this last act of hope!

Tragedy in Motherhood

It is the privilege of motherhood to suffer as well as to love. It is impossible in actual living to separate suffering from love. And so when we think of the finest mothers we know, we have made real for us not only the love of God, but the suffering of God. As we think of families in which motherhood has done its great constructive work we give thanks for the children growing into manhood and womanhood, the boys clean of limb and pure of life, the girls readily expressing in themselves what their mother has exemplified to them. We can all bring before our mind's eye certain families in which the rich heritage of a mother's devotion has done its perfect work. Such families bless a neighborhood and count inestimably in all that helps to make for character and high living.

But even the best of parents and the finest of mothers does not always have this happy fruitage. Any human life, at any period from the cradle to the grave, is capable of strange choices and unbelievable impulses. Do you suppose that the French mother who sought out her convict son had failed to stand by him as guide and counselor from the day of his birth? And yet, despite every effort on her part, he failed to realize her hope for him. I wish that could be regarded as a rare and isolated instance of a mother's sorrow. The truth of the matter is that the tragedy

is all too common—the failure of the child, in childhood, in youth and adult life, to understand and follow in the way of truth and righteousness in which the mother herself walks. There is no greater pain than that in which the elements of love and grief multiply the intensity of each other because they meet in one human soul. Each act of waywardness and evil stabs the mother's heart with untold grief because her love is immeasurable.

In this tragedy of the human heart which we have to witness too often and in which some of us have a very direct part we gain an insight into the divine tragedy of man's refusal of the love of God. Once more, motherhood reduces for us to real and vivid terms the truth that seems almost too big for our vision. Is it difficult for us to think of a sorrowing God who suffers because of man's sin and wilfulness when on the next street or in the next house there dwells a woman whose face has the lines of an unrequited travail over her son?

Once upon a time I took a train journey beside a woman whose boy had paid the penalty of the law with his life. He had been a medical student, with everything in his background to insure a career of usefulness, but in a moment of infatuation and weakness he performed the act which meant the forfeiture of his own life. She was a Christian woman and she had done her best by that son. She was old when I met her and the breaking sorrow of her life was in the years that lay behind, but it always would be her daily travail and she spoke to me about it that day on the train because she knew I was a minister of the gospel. It was an unforgettable experience. If she had such a sorrow, what must be the sorrow of the Eternal Heart when men deny and defy and deliberately refuse the choices of faith and power and righteousness! When we think of the atonement we are apt to think only of what man gains. We must remember what it cost God and what it costs him now when men refuse his love.

Why is it that Mother's day appeals to us? Is it merely a matter of sentiment? No: Mother's day makes its appeal to us because in the highest ranges of motherhood there is something that speaks to us of the love of God and the sorrow of God. In the chief and finest of our human relationships we are helped towards an understanding of God's revelation in a crucified Christ, for a mother's love, in the success or the failure of its offering, expresses something of the inexpressible that is divine grace.

TIMELY VERSE

The Greatest Battle

THE greatest battle that ever was fought—
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not:
It was fought by the Mothers of Men.

Not with cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Not with eloquent word or thought
From the wonderful minds of men;

But deep in a walled up woman's heart;
A woman that would not yield;
But bravely and patiently bore her part;
Lo! there is that battlefield.

No marshalling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But Oh these battles they last so long—
From babyhood to the grave!

But faithful still as a bridge of stars
She fights in her walled up town;
Fights on, and on, in the endless wars;
Then silent, unseen, goes down!

Ho! ye with banners and battle shot,
With soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Are fought in these silent ways.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

Carry On

THEY have not fought in vain, our dead
Who sleep amid the poppies red:
Their plea, attested with their blood,
By all the world is understood.

They fought for peace, as now do we;
Their conflict was for liberty,
For freedom from the blight of war—
And is that still worth fighting for?

We strive no longer men in arms;
We fight not, stirred by war's alarms;
We vow to seal our broken past
With fellowship and friendship fast.

By those who faced the battling years
Let earth forget her warlike fears,
That Freedom, idol of our sires,
May pledge to all her sacred fires.

THOMAS CURTIS CLARK.

O Heart

O HEART, that beats with every human heart,
O Heart, that weeps with every human tear,
O Heart, that sings with every human song,
Fill our slow hearts with flood-tides of Thy love;
That they may beat with every human heart,
That they may weep with every human tear,
That they may sing with every human song,
And thus, through Thee, unite with all mankind.

MAURICE ROWNTREE.

These poems are reprinted from "Quotable Poems," Volume II, by permission.

Must Church Finance Be a "Burden"?

By M. Russell Boynton

WHAT is the minister going to do about the problem of church finance? Almost all of us have had occasion many and many a time to wish that we might be relieved of the burden of church finance so that we could devote ourselves to the "more important matters" which are connected with our professional work. It is felt, somehow or other, that the direction of the financial life of an institution is foreign to the real task of the ministry. But it is a rare thing to find a church with a board of trustees assuming full financial responsibility, and the result is that many ministers are plugging along, carrying a "burden" that is more or less distasteful to them, and hoping for that bright and happy day when they shall be able to pass this burden on to someone else.

The thesis of this article may be briefly stated. It is to make virtue out of our necessity and to find in the direction of the financial concerns of our church that "more important work" after which our spirits hunger and thirst. At least one minister has come to revise his attitude, and to discover a new and valued opportunity in what at one time seemed to him to be little short of a calamity. It is entirely possible to make the financial direction of the church such that it will preach the great Christian virtues and become a real factor in the deeper ministry of the church. Church finances can be rescued from the position of an unavoidable misfortune and transformed into an agency for revealing the finer aspects of the Christian spirit. It is from this point of view that this article is written.

• *Perils of a Conservative Budget*

The financial story of every well ordered church begins with the budget. In what way shall that budget be conceived? Shall it be formed beneath the guidance of a conservative spirit that allows no place for the element of adventure, or shall it face the opportunities of the church with a reasonable amount of faith?

The conservative attitude bids you cut your pattern according to your cloth. This year you have received so much and next year you may receive even less. Your budget must be realistic, it must be put upon a sound business basis. For this position there must be profound sympathy. The first requisite of sound church business is to keep the church in a solvent condition. A budget that loads a church with a burden greater than it ought to bear will help no one. It will not only produce a deficit, which is bad enough in itself, but what is worse, it will also alienate good will, which in turn will further reduce income, and thus start a vicious circle that can only end in disaster. Budget commitments must always be within the reasonable expectancy of the financial capacity of the church. To insure this many a cherished ambition may have to be restrained, and undoubtedly worthwhile work postponed until a more favorable time.

M. Russell Boynton

• *Faith and the Budget*

But this is far from the whole story. A far-sighted faith has a real part to play. Too conservative a budget may adversely affect income just as surely as one that is too much inflated. There undoubtedly arise in church finances as in all other institutions situations in which false economy can be practiced— times when keeping a budget small may actually reduce income more than the savings involved. For instance, in many parishes a parish visitor is not an expense, but a source of income. If the parish is of sufficient size so that new people come in greater numbers than the volunteer calling committee and the minister can handle, a parish visitor becomes a financial necessity. In the parish with which I am the most familiar, if the minister handled alone all the new people who come into the community, he not only would have no time left for other parish calling, but he could scarcely get thoroughly acquainted with the newcomers. A study of the subscription list of that church seems to show that the parish visitor is a profitable financial investment. To add such an item to one's budget is surely not an extravagance, but is rather in the nature of a necessity.

Something of the same argument might be made in many churches for an adequate expenditure to insure a competent handling of the financial details of the church. I am writing out of a real experience. There was a time when we thought we could not afford to hire anyone to keep the accounts of the church. The result was that when people began to get behind in their pledges there was no proper follow-up. It was inevitable that mistakes in bookkeeping should occur, and the net result was that we probably lost considerably more in pledges that were never paid than it would have cost us to pay the salary of a bookkeeper. A realistic budget will avoid false economy.

• *The Challenge of Untapped Resources*

There remains, however, the most important argument for the courageous rather than the conservative budget. It is a mistake to think that for the average church there is only a fixed amount available. There are always untapped resources that can be secured if the right appeal is made. I am thinking of a most startling instance of this which occurred at the same time that our people were carrying heavy payments toward a building fund and when in addition to these extra building fund payments we doubled our current income in two years by setting up through our budget a program of service that appealed to the community. We used our budget to make people come to a new realization of what a Christian church means in the light of service to the community. The budget of the church was a real sermon, and that its message was effective, is seen in the result. Every budget should have a reasonable amount of challenge in it. It should preach a sermon on the theme of Christian opportunity. People will respond if it is at all within their ability so to do. Here is the test of wise leadership—to keep a challenging program, but at the same time

one which is within the reasonable capacity of the church constituency.

•*The Every Member Canvass*

But after your budget has been compiled and adopted by the church there follows the necessity of raising the money to meet it, and in terms of modern church practice, this means an every member canvass. This may be either a disagreeable necessity or one of the most effective adult education movements in the life of the church. The minister may take his part in it either grudgingly or because he finds in it the opportunity to do some of his "more important work." I do not mean that the minister shall have a part in the actual solicitation. What I am referring to is the general direction of the campaign. In the first place, here is his opportunity to see that the work of the church is presented to the community in an adequate and emphatic way. It is also his opportunity to see that the appeal for funds is based upon true motives of loyalty and sacrifice. Support that is exacted under pressure is no true support and promises no stability for the future. Increasingly, secular funds are being raised under pressure and by playing upon that human weakness which wants to keep up with the Joneses. Sound church finance cannot proceed in this fashion. It is not only beneath the dignity of a religious institution to follow these methods, but in the long run it is not advisable even from the standpoint of dollars and cents.

Another opportunity for the minister comes in his handling of the men who make the canvass. In the average parish they will have all sorts of experiences. They will meet with men who are niggardly in their attitude, they will meet with others who are gloriously sacrificial. They will have set before them various attitudes towards the church, and it is perfectly possible to lead them to think of their own attitudes. Here one has, as I said at the beginning, one of the most effective adult education opportunities in the life of the church.

•*Growing Saints by Facing Crises*

It not infrequently happens, and probably will happen more than ever this year, that the every member canvass will not produce enough money to meet the needs of the budget. Here is a real crisis to test the perseverance of the saints. It is easy to say that a verdict has been rendered that is final, but if the leader has a vision of his "more important work" he will insist upon more than one effort. A plan that has worked well is to divide the threatened deficit into a number of small "emergency shares" and offer them to the congregation. Nothing is more stimulating to a church than to overcome a threatened difficulty. Times such as these are full of opportunity as well as danger.

But after the money has been raised there comes the experience of the year, especially in times such as the present. Many churches will discover instances where pledges that were made in good faith cannot be fulfilled. This not only means loss of income, but it also is likely to mean loss of interest as well, and again there is afforded to the minister an opportunity to lead the church to express a true spirit of sympathy and understanding; here is a chance to take disappointed and discouraged people and make them have a more kindly feeling toward the church than ever before, because there has been revealed to them something of the true Christian spirit.

The financial problems of a church, of course, constitute a minor rather than a major opportunity, but the points I have been trying to make is that an opportunity does exist, that the very natural inclination to try to escape from something that is not so congenial as some other aspects of our work, is a false inclination. Our task is to take this part of our responsibility and transform it into a real contribution to our "more important work."

Talking It Over

A DEPARTMENT *of* COMMENT *and* CRITICISM

A Canadian Number

SIR: I read both The Christian Century Pulpit and The Christian Century, and they are valued friends. May I make a suggestion?

As one of your Canadian readers, I should like to see more sermons by Canadian ministers. One Canadian Number each year would do much to arouse interest in your publication over on this side. The Pulpit certainly deserves wide attention.

MARK A. TALNICOFF.
First Baptist Church,
Portage la Prairie, Man.

♦

Likes Story-Sermons

SIR: I am proposing to conduct my morning worship service as a service for children—once a month. We held our first one yesterday. One of the features was a story sermon, by the pastor. I used John Haynes Holmes' "Arms for the Fight," published in your Armistice Day Number of 1930. His is the most satisfying one I have ever seen, and my audience liked it.

Why not more of these splendid story-sermons?

JOSEPH W. THOMPSON.
First Methodist Church,
Chillicothe, Mo.

♦ ♦

The Pulpit and Religious Education

SIR: The Pulpit is a real inspiration, filled with helpful material. It gets better every month. I appreciate especially your Preacher Problem department. Broadus, Jefferson and others have given us principles. What we want today is the method our contemporaries use in applying them.

I was tempted last year to ask for a Religious Education number. The pastor for the new day is an educational pastor, "teaching them to do and observe." This is just a suggestion.

J. PERRY PRATHER.
First Church of the Brethren,
Ashland, O.

♦ ♦

Rural Problems

SIR: Your Preacher Problem department seems to minister chiefly to city preachers and churches. According to the census, 90 per cent of the churches of my denomination are rural. I am wondering if this excellent magazine could not deal more with the thinking and problems of rural churches, without destroying any of its value to city churches and pastors.

C. REGINALD HARDY.
Methodist Church, South,
Alanreed, Tex.

♦ ♦

Sermons on "Holy Days"

SIR: In your February number, a correspondent struck an important note, saying that we need more sermons on our great church holy days. These days should be carefully observed. I find it difficult to find inspirational material for Palm Sunday and Ascension Sunday, in particular.

Another thing. I started with number one of the Pulpit and have read every sermon with delight. I hope the Pulpit will not be spoiled by incorporating within its covers a flood of "methods", "ideas", "plans for drives", "outlines", etc., which at the best are of large bulk and of small value.

I am with you in your efforts to publish *real sermons* that will bring us *inspiration* for our pulpit work.

F. C. PHELPS.
First Presbyterian Church,
Deer Lodge, Mont.

Who's Who in This Issue

There is no braver fighter for the right than Dr. John Haynes Holmes, minister of New York's Community church. While the war was on, he wrote an anti-war book—a brave act. He stands in the front of reform in Tammany-ridden New York, and he keeps up the battle against war. Dr. Holmes's address on "The Unknown Soldier Speaks" was delivered last year in the University of Chicago Chapel, at the Armistice day season.

With degrees from Syracuse university, Hartford seminary and Hartford school of religious education, Rev. Earl H. Thayer has supplemented his education by first-hand studies of international conditions; one of his trips to Europe was in the company of the Sherwood Eddy party. Dr. Thayer's two chief pastorates have been at Emmanuel church, Springfield, Mass., where he ministered for ten years, and at First Congregational church, Cleveland, O., his present pastorate.

A strong social interest has been a high note in the work of Rev. Russell J. Clinchy, minister at Mt. Pleasant Congregational church, Washington, D. C. Completing his educational preparation at Columbia, Drew seminary and Yale divinity school, he was associate minister of the Church of the Sea and Land, a Presbyterian social settlement on New York city's lower east side. Then for two years he served the American Friends' Service committee in Philadelphia in an executive capacity. Associate pastorates with Doctor Atkins, at Detroit, and with Doctor Jefferson at Broadway tabernacle, New York city, brought him to his present ministry in the capital city. Mr. Clinchy has been a leader at the Y student conferences at Northfield and Lake Geneva.

A new life of Robert E. Lee is just from the press, and its author is Rev. William E. Brooks, minister at First Presbyterian church, Morgantown, W. Va., to which field he went after a fifteen year ministry at Allentown, Pa. He is now a member of the general council of the Presbyterian church, also a contributing editor to the Presbyterian Banner; and he is well known as a poet. Dr. Brooks is a graduate of Princeton seminary and has degrees from Lafayette college and the University of Dubuque.

Enlisting in the American army in Paris in 1917, Rev. Hoyt Hughes served as an ambulance driver for a year and a half. Leaving college in 1920, he followed a business career for awhile, but in 1924 he was granted a B. R. E. from Boston university school of religious education; he graduated from its school of theology in 1926. After a year's study in England and Scotland, he was ordained in the Methodist ministry by his father, Bishop Edwin Holt Hughes, in 1927. He now ministers at Kenmore, a suburb of Buffalo, N. Y.

Graduating at Williams college, Rev. Frank Fitt completed his divinity work at Union seminary, in 1914; he pursued graduate work also at Union and Columbia. For twelve years he had a most fruitful ministry at the Presbyterian church, Highland Park, Ill., and is now at the Grosse Pointe Memorial church, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

Rev. W. P. Lemon *ministers to the* First Presbyterian church, Iowa City, Ia.

Rev. M. Russell Boynton *is minister* at the Bryn Mawr Community church at Bryn Mawr, on the south side of Chicago.

Titles and Texts

What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

Charles F. Banning, Baptist, Richmond Hill, N. Y. "Second Hand Religion." John 18:34—"Sayest thou this of thyself or did others tell it thee?"

James D. Kitchin, Jr., First Christian, Newport News, Va. "The Great Unknown." 1 Cor. 1:18—"The word of the cross is to them that perish foolishness."

Dwight M. Bahr, First Baptist, Beaver Dam, Wis. "Marked Men." Gal. 6:17—"For I bear the marks of Jesus branded on my body."

E. A. Ramage, Evangelical, Washta, Ia. "Dangerous Praying." Matt. 26:39—"Not as I will but as Thou wilt."

Peter Young, First Congregational, Fort Dodge, Ia. "Gains of the Depression." Isa. 20:20, 21—"And though the Lord give you the bread of adversity and the water of affliction, yet shall not thy teachers be hidden any more, but thine eyes shall see thy teachers; and thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."

Albert J. McCartney, Covenant-First Presbyterian, Washington, D. C. "The Temple of Brotherhood." Acts 3:2—"And a certain man lame from his mother's womb was carried, whom they laid daily at the gate of the temple which is called Beautiful, to ask alms of them that entered into the temple."

Neal D. Newlin, First Congregational, Hamilton, O. "The Call to Unity." 1 Cor. 1:10—"Drop these party cries." (Moffatt).

Earl S. Scott, St. Andrew's Methodist, Jamaica Plain, Boston, Mass. "Character on Parade." Matt. 6:1—"Take heed that you do not your righteousness before men, to be seen of them."

FOR YOUR SERMON TITLE AND TEXT

.....
Title of sermon

.....
Text used (Write out the text)

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Name of minister

.....
Name of church

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Address

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

IT IS my belief that the Conversation About God now appearing in The Christian Century is one of the most important events, not only in current months, but in a long time. The three eminent philosophers who are talking together on the question of theism are making history. Not since the days when Huxley challenged the beliefs of religious orthodoxy by his championship of evolution and agnosticism and entered upon a career of continuous debate with champions of Christianity has there been such a close-grip meeting of minds on the fundamental question of religion. Professors Wieman, Macintosh and Otto are taking their responsibility with profound seriousness. Not one of them cries aloud, or plays to the groundlings, or resorts to any trick to gain a momentary verdict from the uncritical. They are aware that they are making a permanent record of their most cherished convictions, for the entire conversation will be published in book form and will be referred to for years to come. As I see the discussion, Professor Otto was somewhat surprised to meet theism clothed in the terms in which his two peers presented it. Professors Wieman and Macintosh, on their part, are approaching a common understanding in respect to the practical outcome of their thinking, though Wieman declines to approve Macintosh's method. The difference can perhaps be stated thus: Macintosh starts with a *concept* of God and thinks his way to a belief in God's existence, while Wieman starts with God as a *fact,* so defined as to require no existential proof, and devotes his *thinking* to the discovery of practical ways by which man may share God's life and power. There is more in common between Wieman and Karl Barth than is generally supposed. When the debate is done it will be manifest, I predict, that all our thinking about God has been definitely lifted to a new level.

The Conversation About God

The Book of the Month

THE HISTORY OF PEACE. *By A. C. F. Beales. The Dial Press,* $4.00.

THE TITLE itself is an interpretation. Peace has a history; it is a growing fact, not a static achievement. We have not yet attained peace, but it is coming! It has been coming for some time, and it will keep on coming for some time. This is the only book I know in English that undertakes a survey of the whole movement of peace. Yet it is not a large or technical book. I wish to recommend it as the most comprehensive account of the rise of the peace idea and its development down to date. Mr. Beales sees peace as spiritual in its historic beginnings in the thought of prophets, of Jesus, of the early Christians and such group as the Quakers. He does justice to these origins, but his study deals mainly with the objective structure of peace that has been in process of building only for a century, and chiefly since 1878 when the peace movement began to be an integral part of the world's international relations. His account of the movements of the past decade and a half are unusually discerning and fair. The idealism of peace is becoming an organic part of the creed of the Christian church, and it behooves every Christian minister to be as well informed upon it as upon any other subject of the church's history or present task.

A Thought for the Month

WE ARE in a depression—not alone an economic, but a spiritual and moral depression. The dominant note in our contemporary literature, our press, and I fear, even in our preaching, is one of pessimism. The comfortable optimism of yesterday has passed away. We are not so sure that the world is getting better. It seems to be getting worse. Our best laid schemes of social welfare and progress are failing us. We are confused and distraught. The future is dim, if not dark. Our moral leadership is baffled. We are all baffled. I have no pet scheme to offer to set the world right and to save it and myself from the blight of hopelessness. But I find myself as never before clinging to one supreme fact which somehow will not be dislodged. It is the fact of Christ. I cannot get away from him. Like the author of the book of Hebrews, I do not yet see the forces of this world put into the control of the will and reason and aspirations of man, and if I looked only at man's failures, I would see enough to drive me, too, to pessimism. But I see something else. I see Jesus. I am not sure that I understand him, but he seems to possess a significance that passes my understanding. Certain it is that he has something to give which the world, yea, which even his most devoted disciples, have not yet perceived. At all events he keeps coming back to me. He haunts all my thoughts. He lays his hand so gently, but withal so sternly, upon me that my soul is held back from despair. So

"While the sea of doubt
Is raging wildly round about,"

I open my heart to his coming. A world that could produce Him cannot be a doomed world—that thought takes hold of me. The sheer fact of Him keeps my hope alive. Whatever comes, I cannot give up so long as I keep seeing Him.

The Abiding Source Of Optimism

Charles Clayton Morrison

The CHRISTIAN CENTURY PULPIT

anticipates the high days and seasons of the year, and endeavors to present special sermons that will afford inspiration for its minister readers who wish to make these days and seasons opportunities for impressing the lessons they have for thoughtful people.

IN THIS ISSUE there are two sermons the reading of which should fire every minister reader to make Memorial Sunday and Memorial Day something more than mere days of memory—great *peace* sermons should be preached in every pulpit on this Memorial Sunday.

THIS NUMBER includes also an educational sermon, a missionary sermon and a most unusual Mother's Day sermon. And there are poems also which are timely and helpful.

THE PUBLICATION OF these special sermons is only a small part of the ministry of the Pulpit, which brings, from month to month, challenging sermons on the subjects which ministers consider year in and year out—sermons on God, on Christ, on Immortality, on the Church and its ministry in creating a better world, etc., etc.

If the Pulpit helps you, tell us about it. And do not fail to offer suggestions for its betterment and wider usefulness.

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